

The Historie of

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe :
Oh, that *Glendower* were come,

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes,

Dawg. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto ?

Ver. To thirtie thousand.

Hot. Fortie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powers of vs, may serue ſo great a day.

Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dawg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Capitaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,
take them all, Ile anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will Capitaine: farewell.

Exit.

Falſ. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I
haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange
of 150. Souldiers, 300, and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but
good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted
Batchelers, ſuch as had ben aſkt twice on the Banes; ſuch a com-
moditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leue heare the Diuell as a
Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuier, worſe then a
ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſſe me none but ſuch
Toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and now, my
whole

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whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants,
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the
painted Cloath where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and
ſuch as iudeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt Ser-
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters
and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long
peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old fac'd An-
cient: and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue
bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a
hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from Swine-
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met mee
on the way, and tould mee I had vnloaded all the gibbets, and
preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch Skar-crowes.
Ile not march through *Conentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and
the villaines march wide betwene the legs, as if they had Gyues
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon, there's not
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is twoo
Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a
Hearalds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt to ſay the truth,
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the red-nose Inkeeper
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on e-
uery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quitt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now madd wag, what a diuell doſt thou
in *Warwick ſhire*? My good *L. of Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesbury*.

West. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is more then time, that I were there,
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can
tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are
theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toiſe, food for powder, food